Tilghman, Maryland
21671
July 12th 1972

Dear Joan,

I think that an envelope to you (all) contained thank-you letters from girl or girls for the cards: maybe it went sea-mail or astray. I hate not knowing if a package arrived, and keep asking Joseph Raffael if his wife got a book I sent a year ago, and he never answers. The kids immediately made things, and the twins took the crayons and a fresh supply of white t-shirts off to Massachusetts where I thought Oh let Mary Brecht contend with ironing colors and let them all feel creative without for gods sake me having to admire their creative expressions: which is about the way I was feeling about my darlings. Impossible objects.

I note the 11b stamp on those airmailed cards and the prodigality.

Now yesterday I had nothing to read, when I woke up from my nap, unless it would be something pertaining to my current abstract meditations, which involve sentences like "mediation by operations and concepts, not by myths, permits a continuum of total immanence," which I know you wouldn't approve of, and there on a porch table was the mail, which next-door, mouth-like-cement-truck Mrs Seenvert must have placed there (Seenvert means green-paa), and Impossible Object: which I read in-and-out of Democratic convention postures and impostures, up to the sentence "in dreams you can fly," which I was tempted to note for section on dreams of flying in my space-book, but didn't, and so to bed, and a long, satisfying dream in which I not only flew (by a power in my arms) but having flown over the tower of a strange church, I flew back, in the dream, to verify what I had seen, that is, to see if I could see the same impossible objects on the building twice, which I did, or thought I was doing, a dream which tested itself, and passed. So your book was (is) timely, and in fact I awoke from that dream knowing that object in that title meant not only thing but purpose, which gave me a clue I needed back up there in those abstract meditations... So thanks. I note 90pence postage: prodigal of pence are you, but you're timing's good.

Today Andrew and I drive to my father's house, Freedom Hill; I leave him and drive on to NY, to fetch the girls tomorrow, and perhaps Sarah Brecht. Then after a week at Tilghman, back to NY to put girls on camp-bus July 21st, Andrew July 26, then back here for writing.

I did have a few days freedom, by arranging that Andrew stay for a week with my nephew while I came down here with the cats (mother Phoebe and one kitten); for four days I slept, ate mostly rice, read a few irrelevant books, and was just coming to myself when my father drove in with Andrew, having decided himself that we should all be together, with a turkey which had to be cooked, and as usual with charm upsetting one's domestic rhythm and economies, like an unexpected jar of guava jelly changing the supply-and-demand among the half-empty jaly jars. So my "freedom" which was starting to be not merely negative freedom from kids but positive freedom to think and feel was aborted; I reached for old restraints, & cooked the turkey (at half the speed advised by the Joy of Cooking), and tried to maintain something in spite of the adversity. During my four days I had cut stimuli completely— no constant radio, no coffee or tea, no television news (which in NY I had started waiting for, at 4pm longing for the 6o'clock news), and I quit cold-turkey, with withdrawal symptoms, and have tried to keep it up, though it's difficult with the convention going on. My father is capable of bringing the radio into the room where the tv is already playing, and requires constant excitement — something to eat, drink, listen to, and one finds onesself bombarded or saturated. So next week will be the full house, and then my two weeks, when I think I will remain isolated here, which I hope my father is sensitive enough to allow. God knows the neighbors take one look at my hair and hide themselves, though from the windows of stray cars with Ohio license plates and bored adolescents arms stretch forth and give a surreptitious peace sign.

The humidity is so high today that this paper is limp and the typewriter is sticky; my laundry won't dry. It's time for Andrew and me to leave; writing has been more fun than cleaning house and/or packing him up. He's quite helpful now, and luckily has found a playmate named Hedge (who has a brother Evan, & Andrew economically calls Hedge Heaven) so Ocean plays with Hedge or portmanteauishly Heaven, except unfortunately here, more than there,

The string holding up Andrew's wet sneakers just broke: I am persuaded that my salvation lies in seeing the ~~finiteness~~ infinite in the domestic, but why does the garbage have to drip, the shoestring break, the sink drain so slowly that grease bathes everything, the cat pee on the roll of toilet paper.

Oh: last night cat Phoebe screaming in fight with male cat in front yard: Andrew and I run out to see, look around, and then look up into tree just in time to be peed on, face, hair, and squeamishness, by a big black male which had Phoebe out on a limb. This is it.

love,

Bill